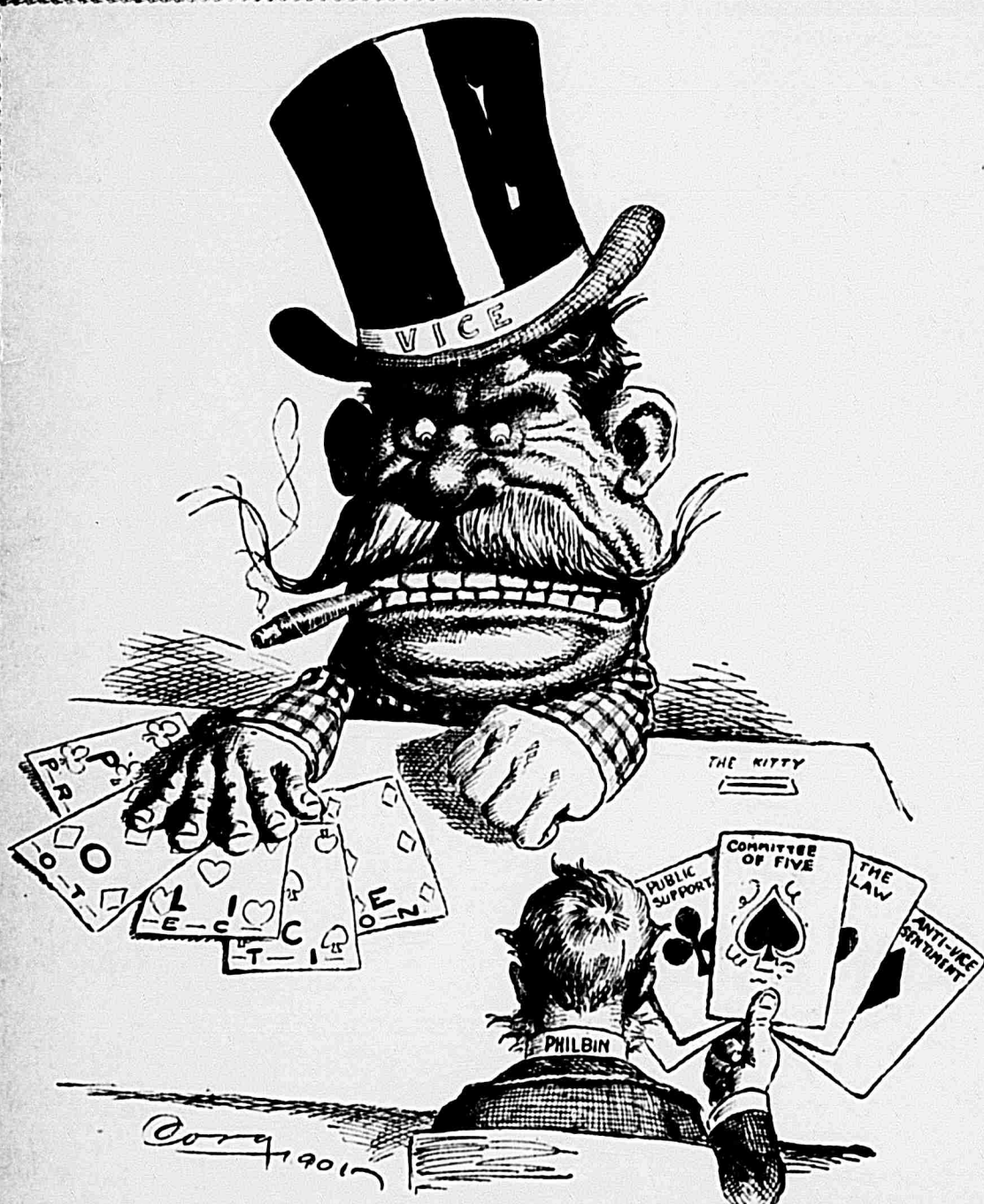


CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.

WHICH WINS?



DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PHILBIN—You have an excellent hand there, my friend, but I hold four little aces that will make it look like thirty cents.

The World.

VOL. 41. NO. 14,620.

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A MAN WHO SUFFERS FROM AN UNJUSTLY "GOOD" REPUTATION.

Why is there no adequate biography of George Washington? Why is it that you have the mistaken idea that he was a good, dull man, a sort of moral prig, great but uninteresting, admirable but without personal appeal to the heart and the imagination?

Partly because of the lying that has been done about him by pious people, bent upon making him a "Sunday-school" hero. But chiefly because he did not pose and posture for his own or future generations, had no taste or talent for self-advertising.

He is different from all the others of the exceedingly limited company of the world's very great men in many respects. In this one respect his aloofness, his superiority is towering, startling.

Run over the whole list of great men from the beginning down to Teddy the Strenuous and William the Holy. If you have a sense of humor, if you are not easily caught by tricks and "stage effects" you will burst out laughing again and again as you see the self-conscious, vain great of earth, weak as the weakest in the passion for admiration and applause, thinking always, "I am making history. The eyes of the world are upon me."

Not so Washington. There is nowhere such an example of unconsciousness of self, of unconsciousness of greatness or grandeur or heroism or even importance.

Without any arranging of the stage, without any carefully thought-out epigrams, without any posing or study of "effects," he simply DID.

He didn't want "the credit." Indeed he seemed unaware that there was any special credit attaching to doing one's duty. He didn't look out of the corners of his eyes at the populace. He just did his duty like a man, a great man, a gentleman.

To the ordinary person who writes history the absence of all the familiar lime-lights and "flats" and costumes and groupings which other great men put about themselves to make their drama picturesque, is most confusing, most irritating. He thinks that the trouble is in the man, that Washington must have been a stupid, uninteresting fellow. He does not see that the trouble is in himself, in that he has come with a foot-rule to measure a mountain.

There was never a more fascinating, more romantic, more splendid career than Washington's. There never was one so well calculated to move, not the shallow emotions that agitate audiences at the play, but the real, the genuine, the profound emotions. Once you get your mind focused to this mighty figure, you watch it with every faculty entranced. Beside it all the kings and the generals, all the heroes of peace and war that throng the highways of history, seem small or cheap, or both.

Why? For the very same reason that it is hard to write his biography—because he was never self-conscious, never vain, never tawdry; because he did his splendid life-work, from the very beginning to the very end, so quietly, so simply, so naturally, so well.

While there is no great biography of Washington, there are several good ones. Of these perhaps the best is Woodrow Wilson's "Washington," published by Harpers'. Prof. Wilson appreciated Washington and produced a book that you cannot afford to miss. It will give you a great many thrills and an, if possible, increased satisfaction in the fact that you are an American.

In speculating upon Washington's surprise at ocean steamships, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, &c., if he were to come back to-day, do not overlook these two facts: Washington would not be at all surprised to find Great Britain making a true George III. war of conquest and oppression, and making that war chiefly upon women and children.

Washington would be not merely surprised but astounded to find a President of the United States violating a treaty to his country's future hurt in order to help Great Britain in such a war. He would be both confounded and dumfounded to see that same President smashing in the skulls of Filipinos and driving their old men, their women and their children to the swamps to die—and doing this in the name of religion, humanity and freedom!

WHAT WOULD WASHINGTON THINK OF BRITAIN'S GOING JOE AND OUR OWN HOLY WAR?

PREMATURELY AGED. Towne—That boy of Jones is older than he looks, isn't he? Brown—I don't think so. Why? Towne—I saw him out skating to-day, and he never once tried to see how near he could get to the danger sign without falling in.

HE KNEW. The politician's wife was startled by a sound below stairs. "John," she cried, "there's a robber in the house." "The House," replied John. "What's the matter with the Senate? That's worse."

HAD AS EVER. "I'll turn over a new leaf, dear," he promised. She learned with much pain. It was the old leaf of last year. Which he had turned over again.

FATAL CANDOR. Sultor—Yes, sir, I assure you, I would be glad to marry your daughter, even if she were as poor as a churchmouse. Mr. Moneybags—That settles you! I don't want a fool in the family.

IN THE SOUP. Private Secretary—You know the bald-headed clerk I employed, by your order? Boss—What about him? P. S.—He's bought a wig.

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HORACE THE HOG.

By FERDINAND G. LONG.

If you see a new specimen of the Human Parker write to The Evening World about it.



He uses fellow stand-ups in the cars for leaning posts. Some patrons of the "L" road have the nap worn off the shoulders of their overcoats by Horace, who never relies upon his own stout underpinning for support.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS OF PERPLEXED LOVERS.

An Unusual Problem.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: We are two young men and have been keeping company with a couple of young ladies in a small town about fourteen miles distant. It is inconvenient and expensive. We both love the girls dearly and enjoy their company very much. Now we cannot go to see them every Sunday as our wages are insufficient to pay for hiring a carriage to drive there and meet all other expenses. We would like to have your advice on this painful subject. Would you advise us to marry the girls or give them up?

SALTY AND FRITZ, Freehold, N. J. I CANNOT attempt to say how much it costs to visit the young ladies in question, and you do not give me any idea of how much of an outlay on your income this weekly salubrious makes. I should, however, say from your description there are other questions besides that of expenditure to be considered.

If you and your friends are earning steady salaries, are temperate, thrifty and energetic; if you are morally fit to assume the responsibilities of marriage; if the parents of the girls do not object; and if the girls are all right, why do you not settle down and marry them? Incidentally I might add that there are a good many engaged young couples who are separated by geographical distances.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

and who get on without seeing each other every Sunday. It is a sacrifice, to be sure, but most people who achieve success do so at the expense of many sacrifices.

She is certainly in love! Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am certainly in love with a young man and want to ask you how I could win his heart. I go to a dancing school every Saturday night and meet him there. He dances with me several times, but after that he does not pay any attention to me. There is a very pretty young lady who attends this school, and when she is there he never thinks of me. I would like to cut her out if I could. I will be grateful for good advice. M. W. G.

I AM very much afraid you will not take good advice—however honestly it may be intended to benefit you. I do not like the thought of a young girl deliberately setting out to take the affection of a man away from another girl, or to use your own words, to "cut her out." I would like to see you first.

It takes two to make a bargain that is not fair.

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FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

The foundation for the blouse is a lining fitted with single darts, under-arm, back and shoulder seams. The waist proper is laid in fine, evenly spaced tucks, allowance for which is made in the pattern, and is arranged over the lining with slight easy fullness at neck and shoulders. If worn at the center front, where the tucks conceal the fact.

The skirt is even-shouldered and tucked. To cut the blouse for a woman of medium size will require 4½ yards of material 24 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 or 50 inches wide; to cut the skirt 5½ yards 24 inches wide, 5½ yards 44 inches wide, or 4 yards 50 inches wide.

The blouse pattern (No. 2,986) sizes 32 to 40 will be sent for 10 cents. The skirt pattern (No. 3,717, sizes 22 to 30) will be sent for 10 cents. Both patterns, 20 cents.

Send money to Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

Check and Countercheck. To the Editor of The Evening World: There is a new instrument by which the sound of a bell can be sent a distance of twelve miles through the water (to be used at sea for signal purposes). As the machinery of the Holland submarine boat can be heard at a great distance and her destructive work can be accomplished only by surprise, this method of signalling will paralyze her power. From a warfaring point of view is there any advantage to be gained by invention? The torpedo boat counterbalances the modern battleship and a properly mined harbor will prove the inevitable destruction of the most powerful fleet.

The Seat in the Car Again. To the Editor of The Evening World: Can a woman expect a man to give her his seat after he has worked hard all day and she comes downtown to do some shopping so as to be going home during the rush hours? If they are not given a seat they squirm around so as to make every one else uncomfortable. I wish some of your readers would give me their opinion on this question. R. E. M.

What Does Yellow Bow Signify? To the Editor of The Evening World: I received a yellow bow from a young man on St. Valentine's Day, and write to ask readers the meaning of it. I. F. F. Y.

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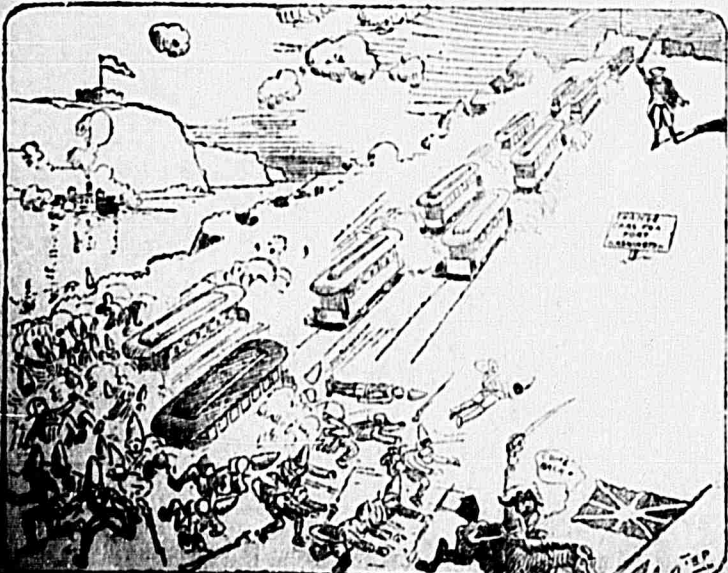
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ARTIST POWERS TREATS GEORGE WASHINGTON TO SOME BIG TWENTIETH CENTURY SURPRISES.



terrible bump he could give the British now if he met them on Harrier and a submarine brigade!



No more "Trust in God." It's "Trust in Trusts," and Jersey is as full of them as the Delaware was once full of ice.



George owned his own home, but not on the instalment plan. He didn't have to go outdoors in winter to warm up.



John Deas had known since George first saw it. So has the Dea family. Every poolroom is crowded with John Deas.